

# **SELF-IDENTIFIED OMEN RESTROO**

**Volume 41  
Issue 5**

## **HAMPSHIRE ENVISIONS**

and works to create a world where gender is not a cause for discrimination or violence. We also recognize the importance of providing safer spaces for people who are marginalized because of their gender (such as women,

We meet all building code for their particular occupational levels while making all buildings as welcoming to all gender as possible. Hampshire College expects that all members of our community will let people self-identify their gender as

## Jordan Setaaci Frosted Tips Appreciation Society:

Devin Morse - to stroo again

F. "FSTEWZ" Stewart-Taylor - Got a stroo loose.

Jonathan Gardner - lazy kangaroos

Grace Willey - like a diner, but with beds

B Corfman - lungtra

Isaiah Mann - Stroom of conciousness

Jesse Ide - The moment when you're looking for it  
and you don't find it on time...

Matt Wysocki - woo go red sox

Nick Marino - Woo

Naked dude - I'm not naked, I have a diaper on

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu) or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092



Front cover submitted by Jonathan Gardner, shamelessly stolen from Susannah Holub's Facebook  
Back cover by Grace Willey

Lies by Devin Morse, submitted by F. Stewart-Taylor

# EDITORIAL

## F. Stewart-Taylor

Hey Omen-ees!

Couple of business points to go over before we get into the editorial proper, so hang out, and we'll get through this together. TOGETHER. First, you should come to Deathfest! It'll be amazing! Saturday, as in the 9th, 6pm, FPH. All of FPH. The whole friggin' thing. Deathfest is a simplified-D20 RPG, so a little bit like D&D's goofy younger brother, where instead of fighting kobolds as an elf mage, you might fight a giant squid as a sentient pot of coffee. You don't have to worry about memorizing rules, or making a character, or what the hell a "point" of charisma is and how it's different from a "skill point." If you've ever wanted to play an RPG but felt like D&D was inaccessible, HO BOY is Deathfest for you! It's ALSO for you if you're totally into D&D and you think it's great and you can't find a group at college and now there's all these people who are also into D&D and maybe this is how you'll finally make some friends! Or if you just want to play a game for several hours and have some fun on a Saturday. Do it up. I'll be helping run the shindig, so you can come up and ask for high fives or puns or references to Space Jam or whatever, it'll be great.

Second, one of my committee members is running a Hip Hop film series over at UMass Amherst. They've been screening a impressive variety of stuff, and the series organizers introduce the films with the kind of very smart liberal arts commentary that makes me sort of worry about both the role of the academy in sanitizing cultural documents creating in opposition to authority but also how the academy can reify white-male-cis-straight texts and by extension authors, and even modes of authorship, if it ignore oppositional documents, and then maybe worry also about what it means to be in a position to claim "opposition" versus "alternative" versus "marginalized," and how your internal narrative about them makes you more problematic than if you'd just stop fucking thinking about it and just live in a corner with your laptop and Leverage on Hulu, and then also worry about why you have so many opinions on your cool grad student committee member's Trapped In The Closet: On Broadway! shirt. Anyway. There's pizza! The schedule is as follows: Thursday, Nov 14: Copyright Criminals, Tuesday, Nov. 9th: Scratch/Wavetwisters, Tuesday, Nov 26th, Something From Nothing: The Art of Rap, Thursday December 5th: Beats, Rhymes & Life: The Travels of A Tribe Called Quest. They're all in Herter 227, which is the weird auditorium thing at the top of the building to the right(ish) of the main bus stop at UMass. I had a class in there once, which is how I met said committee member; he was TA'ing and led the discussion section I was in, and the rest would be history if I were famous enough to merit using that phrase. When I get famous enough for a slightly creepy celebrity biopic, that'll be it!

Wow, okay, that got super longwinded. Anyway, those are both important to me right now. Also important to me: The Omen! We are publishing your free speech, all the time, so send it in to Omen@hampshire.edu. We also need you. So come to a layout, eat ben & jerry's with us. No breakup required. Although, honestly? It helps. I think it's better if you're more alone. Fewer ties to the outside world means more time to generate content for the ever-ravening maw that is the free press! Abandon your family, forsake your loved ones, dump people on Facebook so they know you mean business. Forswear your alliances and promise yourself only to The Omen. Sometimes we get pesto pizza, too.

Does not leave a lot of room for an editorial, does it? Cool, we'll make this brief. As is my civic duty as editrix, concerned citizen, and person attempting blackmail and extortion, I went to Pizza With The President right before Hampshire Halloween, where we talked about Hampshire drug policy, The Incident In Prescott With Excessive Force, and Hampshire Halloween. For those of you not familiar with The Incident in Prescott, which is I guess you fucking hippie throwbacks without facebook, there was a person, they were messed up on drugs, shit got weird, CamPo and the Amherst PD got pepper-spray happy and went to tackle town. Students are equal parts concerned about the fact that force was used, and about the fact that Hampshire's drug culture is fucking absurd. It is absolutely true that compared to actual party schools, we have chill druggies. Good, godspeed them. It's also true that Hampshire Halloween is just a fuckfest of substance excess and misbehaviour and peeing on my damn house. Again. This year was chill, as far as I know, because people were too cold to do anything. Which is great. I hope they all froze to death. Hampshire Halloween is the tip of the iceberg in terms of how Hampshire's relatively small population of substance-using jerks makes the world more full of inappropriate urination and sometimes harassment and always broken glass for the rest of us. At the same time, though, the administration is guilty of horribly bad communication about The Incident, and are no kind of leaders at all in substance policy on campus. And keep trying to be done with the issue of bathroom safety and accessibility on campus. Dude, JLASH, if you can bore us all with your LED lights and your recycling sheds and friggin Bon Appetit, take a minute to have some feelings on community safety.

Bystander medical immunity, and emailing about it, is an ok start. But we should expect more from our administration than that. We have to expect more health and counseling resources, and we have to expect more timely communication about community health situations. And I have to expect reimbursement in pizza for blackmail. JLASH.

Love, FSTEWZ.

# Section: Speak

## Open Letter to House Intern Selection Committee

Xavier A. Torres de Janon

TO: House Intern Selection Committee  
SUBJECT: Race/ethnicity/sexuality quotas in intern selection process + What are you guys doing?  
PRIORITY: High

Dear holders of the final say on who is an intern and who is not,

I just want you to be transparent about something. Is there such a thing as a race/ethnicity quota that you are trying to fill up when choosing our House Interns? I have heard these assertions many times, from interns and "ordinary students" alike (note my usage of "" to point out how interns are in the end ordinary students as well, with homework and lives and personal problems, but I digress). Is this true? When choosing your interns, do you pay special attention if the student is of color (student of color=not white) or international (international=not an American citizen)? Do you also consider the sexual identity that you assume of the applicant? I am not against affirmative action at all (See: All the extracurricular work that I do at Hampshire College), but I am absolutely against tokenization and creation of quota systems in positions as important as these.

To my next topic, what are you guys doing? I have huge issues with who becomes an intern

and who does not. There are certainly Interns in our campus who I bow down to and want to give an award for being so awesome and just so selfless and good at their jobs. But there are also these Interns who, excuse my bluntness, are terrible at their job. They do not possess the qualities that interns should have. They do not care about their residents. They break the rules themselves. You get the picture. There also these absolutely fantastic role models of human beings who get Rejected after they apply to be an Intern, the position being given to the terrible Interns previously described. Don't try to deny it; I truly believe you, House Intern Selection Committee, is fully aware of this reality. Anyhow, I wish you'd take a stance on these topics, please.

Love,  
A concerned international student with many questions



Anna Domingos



# Sympathy for Zoo Animals: This place is motherfucking crawling with parents

Amanda Crausman

I know that you're feverishly digging in to this installment of The Omen a few weeks after Parents Weekend, but look, articles get written in advance. What can I say? Being prompt and enthusiastic is the name of the game here at this widely available and unpretentious student publication (ahem, I'm looking at you, Climax).

I am currently sitting in Atkins wearing short-shorts and a tank top, smelling like ass, and liberating far more than my allotted \$2.09 worth of Pumpkin Spice coffee. There is, however, a valid reason why I am chancing a future as one of the most scantily clad coffee-bandits in history, and that reason is Parents. This weekend Parents have descended upon our bucolic slice of Americana like a swarm of locusts. They have invaded every possible crevice of campus that once provided solace from humanity (i.e.: the Yiddish Book Center, the Farm, and the bumpin' hub of Hampy nightlife: Le Club Harold F. Johnson). They are everywhere, and I literally mean everywhere. Rolling up from my sweaty run and aching for a scalding shower, whom did I find in the Dakin bathrooms? Whom did I behold deploying the dreaded "middle name" upon a shifty-eyed firstiel? It was Parents, Parents I tell you!

As if the Panoptical setup of the dorms wasn't bad enough, lets add a TIARA! (Whoa, that one queer theory lecture I went to actually paid off!!) Just kidding, let's add a bunch of Californians confused by weather. Parents Weekend has multiplied the feeling of being watched by a tour group of prospies times a gajillion. As a slightly paranoid individual to begin with (I'm referring to a baseline state unaltered by any choice medicines), I am strongly averse to feeling scrutinized. I simply

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can't handle this quantity of middle-aged adults smiling vacantly at me as I shovel tofu scramble onto my plate like the gluttonous pseudo-vegetarian I am.

Aiigh', aiigh', Imma revert to the vernacular for a hot min. so I can get real wich ya: "As Eleanor Roosevelt once said to Betty Ford, 'Parents are great!' " (NameThatShow NameThatShowNamethatshow: PARKS&REC!!) Obviously, parents are why we're here. Even if parents aren't subsidizing your edjumacation, someone's sperm and egg did a lil' tango. Parents are more than just the biological; they're the mentors and guardians who help shape our identities. They're the ones who taught us how to ride bikes and made us feel good when the bullies said our glasses were stoo-pid. Phew! Now that my Hampshire conscience has been appeased, I can say what I actually want to say.

And what I actually want to say is that Parents Weekend has made me feel uneasy, because in their perfectly legitimate happiness, I see my future. They have forced me to confront realities that I am just not equipped to handle (i.e.: the hot, dreadlocked twentysomething will inevitably become...well, a dreaded fortysomething parent). The harsh truth is, at some point we're all going to grow up and have someone in our lives we can shout at in a dorm bathroom—and that's fucking terrifying.

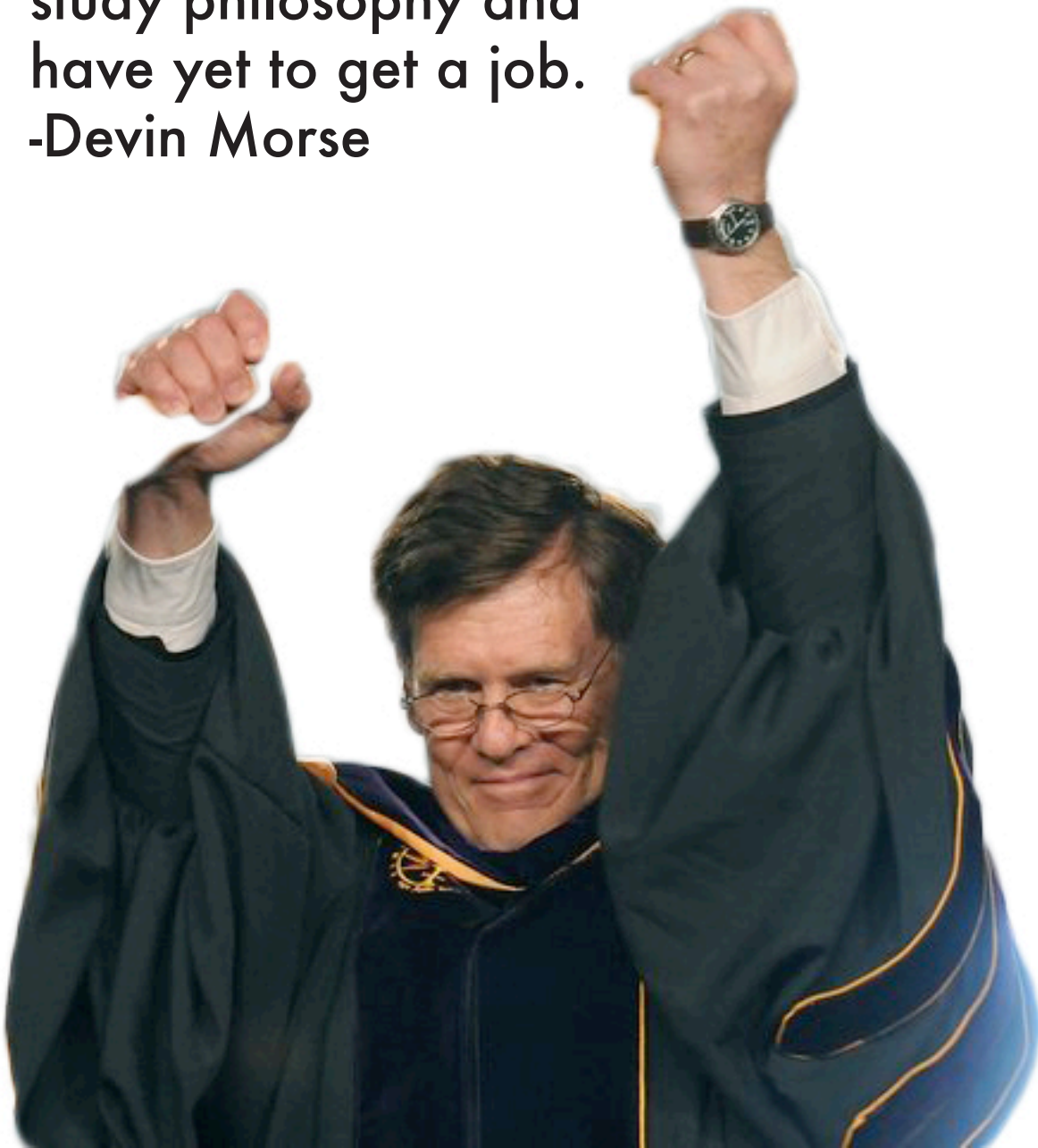
But, I suppose in the meantime all we can do is enjoy "where we're at." We'll just have to patiently explain Hampshire's respective lack of majors and grades and gender normative bathrooms for the quadrillionth time. We can take the time out of our busy social and paper writin' calendars to show them the places we eat and sleep and study. However, I will have you know that this weekend I am doing my part to reduce the exorbitant population of parents on campus: I'll be schlepping my Pops on a ten miler through the valley, and I couldn't be happier. •

# The reluctant graduate's PHOTOSHOP CONTEST

Submit your amazing  
works of art and receive  
absolutely nothing  
because I decided to  
study philosophy and  
have yet to get a job.  
-Devin Morse

the moral of the  
story is that devin  
needs a job

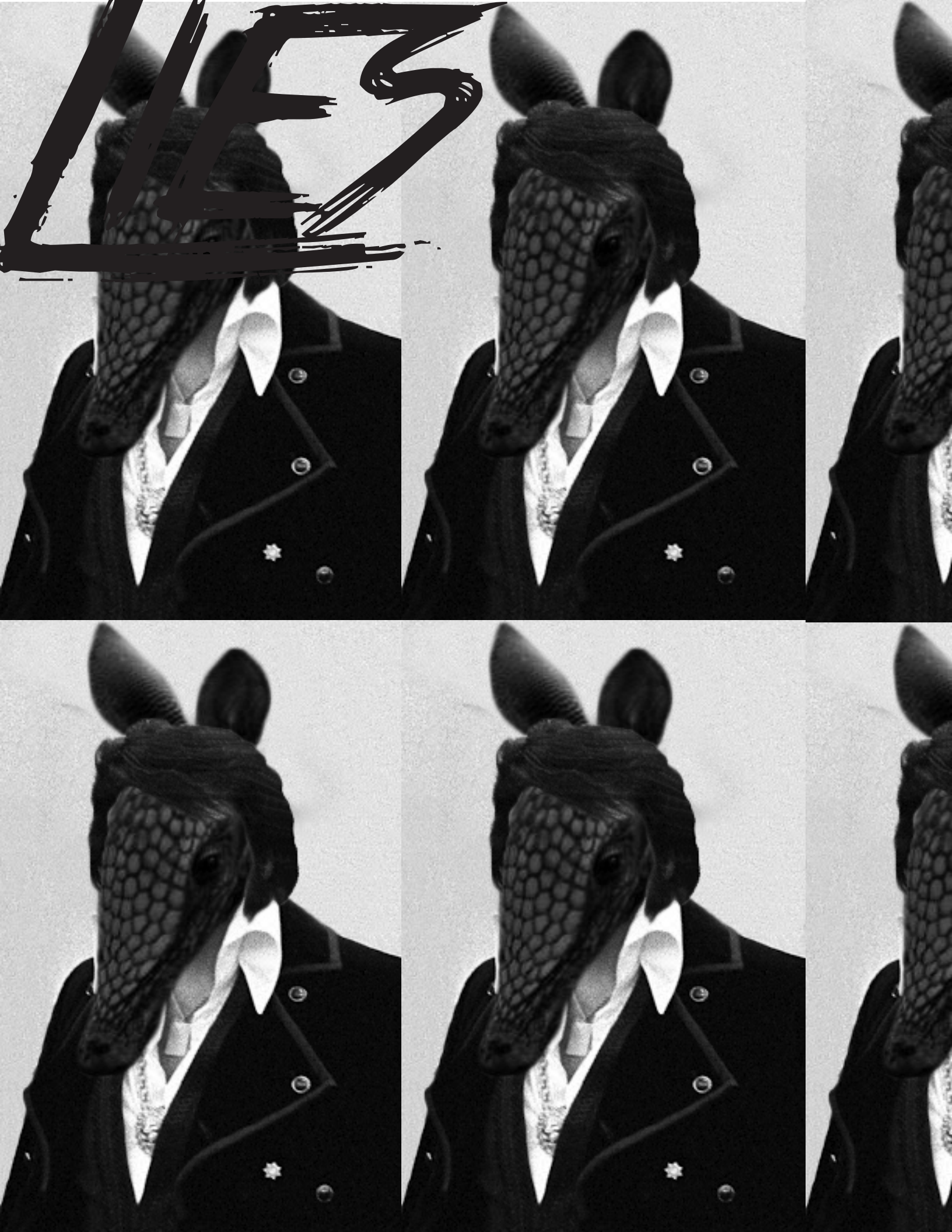
-jgardz





LOOK ITS JFLASH ISNT HE  
SO GREAT? HE IS SO  
GREAT. WOW. I LOVE  
HIM.





























## A short story about where the stairs go.–

Cray Novick

The hallway was narrow. Thick, dark wooden panels ran the length of the walls and the floor, masking the details. Yet it was clear something lurked by the strong scent of root vegetables, not of the fresh variety, but a thick musk that burnt the nostrils like acid on skin. Perhaps it wasn't root vegetables after all.

As the man slowly crept down the hallway the scent thickened creating a literal fog that masked all that lay ahead. What could this smell be?..Turnips? OG stank? The man's curiosity siezed him by his trousers and pushed him ever forward.

Suddenly, he tumbled. he fell down a flight of about 12 stairs until he came to rest in a hallway. It was narrow, with thick and dark wooden panels that ran the length of the walls and the floor, masking the details, but something lurked! It was clear by the strong scent of root vegetables. Not the fresh variety, rather a thick musk that burnt the nostrils. Perhaps it wasn't root vegetables after all.

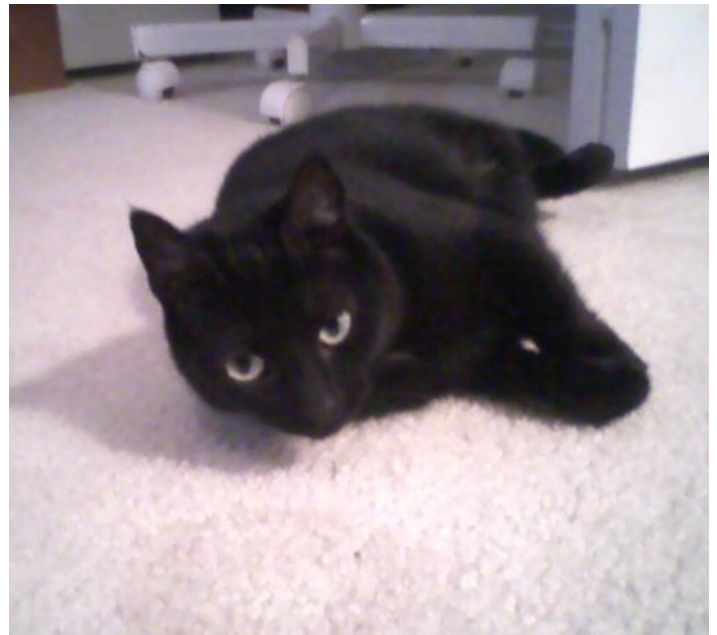
As the man slowly crept forward the scent thickened creating a literal fog that masked all that lay ahead.

## If to murder

Ian Sloan

If I were to murder someone  
I hope you know who would be against the wall.  
I hope you know what I would tell them.  
I know that I'd be crying meanwhile,  
itching  
impatient  
desperate to pull the trigger.  
I'll tell you that with this extinction  
A new life shall be had for the future.  
Yet I'm aware,  
that the scars of this society  
shall not fade with one bullet  
or a million

20 October 2013



in loving memory of Nikki,  
2001-2013

-Jonathan Gardner



"Is the glass half full, or half prices all day long!"

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the Bush won the presidential election in the year 2000."

"Children are to be or not to be seen, not heard."

"A dime a dozen eggs usually come in each carton."

"An axe to grinding heavily in public is generally frowned upon."

"Come hell or high water at beaches will usually recede in a few hours."

"Crying over spilt milk on the floor can be a slipping hazard."

"Everything but the kitchen sink has been clogged again - please remember to use the food catch."

-B Corfman

## A critical reading of the USA Patriot ACT

Matt Wysocki

"ESTABLISHMENT; AVAILABILITY.—There is hereby established

in the Treasury of the United States a separate fund to be known

as the "Counterterrorism Fund", amounts in which shall remain

available without fiscal year limitation"

Sensenbrenner is a contemporary of the U.S sentimental literary movement, a bohemian in every sense of the word. He probably sees the United States as a Treasure holder that denies what really matters to all its people. His tree friends sit warmly in his separately funded cabin in Alaska, happily fueling his intense fire in mass quanates, severing themselves from the tainted capitalist world of oil and guns. Fund is a key word not just in this verse, but in all others

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after, it serves to help elaborate on his feelings of alienation in his attempts to counter dispairism in a hopeless world. The establishment is in capital letters to represent his hate for all things as they are and his desire to pull grassrotts decomposing our proud technocratic nation, which marginalizing those who don't understand quantum theory, go to a liberal arts college, or are involved with some avant-garde bullshit.

(A) "at the end of subparagraph (A) (flush to that

subparagraph), by striking "; and" and inserting a comma

and the following:

"by any person, or with respect to any property, subject to

the jurisdiction of the United States"

Does this actually say anything? NO wait, one can find meaning in anything anywhere anywhat anyone anyhow anywho anywhy...I am done now....dont worry. I will persist and connect this stanza to last one. The jurisdiction of the United States is quite powerful, and resulted in trauma akin to that of a mother who lost her child after being caught in the anticipation of having newborn life after 247 years of development, being pro choice, it must have been in its 3rd trimester.

"(A) IN GENERAL.—For the purpose of a forfeiture under

this section or under the Controlled Substances Act (21

U.S.C. 801 et seq.), if funds are deposited into an account



at a foreign bank, and that foreign bank has an interbank

account in the United States with a covered financial

institution (as defined in section 5318(j)(1) of title 31),

the funds shall be deemed to have been deposited into

the interbank account in the United States, and any

restraining order, seizure warrant, or arrest warrant in

rem regarding the funds may be served on the covered

financial institution, and funds in the interbank



account,

up to the value of the funds deposited into the account

at the foreign bank, may be restrained, seized, or arrested.

As I said, funds are important in understanding the psychological chest of his expression, with the the interbankonecteedness of all restraining orders because he needs to account for all life that falls beyond the scopes of what we can see, bringing us together in times of need just as the last few presidents have. Of course, he didn't like that,(actually he probably did at the time because he was supported by other sentimentalismists) How said, this couldn't be anyworsd for Sensengumi, he must have been writing this at the end of his saxaphone period. What kind of meaning can we find in such things. "deposited" is a condensed antithesis which means "I wet the light and dried the darkness" remember it!



“(A) IN GENERAL.—For the purpose of a forfeiture under

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restraining order, seizure warrant, or arrest

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it happened before or after reading this. Yet its historical significance cannot be denied, rather than condemn this man and his crystallized poetic will, it will help us understand the present as we write history again, from a new perspective.



warrant in

rem regarding the funds may be served on the covered

financial institution, and funds in the interbank account,

up to the value of the funds deposited into the account

at the foreign bank, may be restrained, seized, or arrested.

The seizure warrant is a quote from independants day that discusses a fascination with his mentor and UFO enthisiast, the ultra cool libertarian boy Barry Goldwater. There are national geographic pictures just powering through your mind as you read. The experience is a real transcendentalist one plus one plus one till yr no longer fascinated and lose all intellectual curiosity, you know the one that made you read this in the first place, no maybe



# Something in November: In which I subject you, the reader, to excerpts of my most favorite most depressing Scandinavian children's novel.

Submitted by Grace Willey

Text by Tove Jansson (1914-2001)

"Time passed and the rain went on falling. There had never been an autumn when it had rained so much. The valleys along the coast sank under the weight of all this water that was streaming down the hillsides, and the ground rotted away instead of just withering. Suddenly summer seemed so far away that it might just as well have never been and the distances between the houses seemed greater and everyone crept aside." [Jansson 10]

"She began to feel a little better. She began to think how strange it was that everything that hangs from a hook really goes hanging downward and not in any other direction, and wondered what it depended on. The whole room had changed, everything looked new. Fillyjonk went up to the mirror and looked at herself. Her nose was covered in scratches on one side and her hair was dead straight and wet through. Her eyes looked different: 'Fancy having eyes to see with,' she thought, 'and how does one see...?'

She began to feel cold because of the rain, and because she had tumbled all the way through her life in a single second, and she decided to make herself a cup of coffee. But when she opened the cupboard in the kitchen, she was for the first time that she had far too much china. Such an awful lot of coffee cups. Far too many serving dishes and roasting dishes, and stacks

of plates, hundreds of things to eat from and eat on, and only one Fillyjonk. And who would have them all when she died?" [Jansson 21-22]

"The Hemulen woke up slowly and recognized himself and wished he had been someone he didn't know. He felt tireder than when he went to bed, and here it was- another day which would go on until evening and then there would be another one and another one which would be the same as all days are when they are lived by a Hemulen.

He crept under the bedcover and buried his nose in the pillow, then he shifted his stomach to the edge of the bed where the sheets are cool. He took possession of the whole bed with outstretched arms and legs, he was waiting for a nice dream that wouldn't come. He curled up and made himself small but it didn't help a bit. He tried being the Hemulen that everybody liked, he tried being the Hemulen that no one liked. But however hard he tried he remained a Hemulen doing the best without ever really pulling it off. In the end he got up and pulled on his trousers.

The Hemulen didn't like getting dressed and undressed, it gave him a feeling that the days passed without anything of importance happening. Even so, he spent the whole day arranging, organizing and directing things from morning till night! All around him there were people living slipshod and aimless lives, wherever he looked there was something to be put to rights and he worked his fingers to the bone trying to get them to see how they ought to live.

'It's as though they don't want to live well,' the Hemulen thought sadly as he brushed his teeth. He looked at the photograph of himself with his boat which had been taken when the boat was launched. It was a beautiful picture but it made him feel even sadder." [Jansson 27-28]











# SECTION: HATE

## My Future(s)

by Isaiah Mann

**Foreword:** While many question the validity of forewords in brief essays, I consider them entirely essential. Furthermore, I now intend to add a host of other unnecessary features to this particular essay, including but limited to:

- A Table of Contents
- A Photo Of Someone
- An Author's Bio
- Fictionalized Blurbs of Endorsement
- Page Numbers
  - In the Header
  - And the Footer
- List of Works Cited
- Fictionalized Publication Info
- An Excerpt from the Essay

Now for the actual foreword: I cast my mind around for what to write about this week. It fell upon nothing. I briefly considered writing about all the amazing people I've met since my arrival at Hampshire; I considered writing about anxiety; I considered writing about the state of the government. Then, I realized that my emotional numbness and political idiocy disqualified me from writing about any of these three topics.

Therefore, what better to write about than an incredibly narcissistic and self-indulgent topic? Today, I'm going to be writing about my future. My real future. Because I'm a fortune teller. But I'm also hopelessly confused by the murky auras of exhaustion. Therefore, I will pitch multiple prospective futures for myself.

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**Fake Publisher:** iMANN Productions (2\$#9) Mines of Moria

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### The Essay Itself:

There are many futures that await me, unless you believe in predestiny, in which case I'll undoubtedly end up in a McDonald's drive-by booth. Still, I prefer to reject my imminent failure in life and instead predict bold, ambitious futures for myself. Here are a few of them, as denoted by bland subheadings:

### **My Future as An Actor**

This one is undoubtedly grim. I use to think I'd amount to Joey on *Friends*. Now, I'll be lucky to be as successful as Joey on *Joey*. Even that's a stretch. I look at my poor monologues and weak embodiment and I can't even envision myself as a nerdy Soap Opera villain. Partly because that's not a trope, but also because I lack the emotional range for even a mindlessly repetitive and formulaic performance piece.

Therefore, I will find sanctuary in the realm of the infomercial. While there may be one or two realms lower in the acting world, they're hard to picture as I simultaneously picture myself selling "not one, but two Dog Tuxedos, for the price of one." It's quite the grim "--but wait, order now and we'll throw in five dog bow ties." This is what I'm resigned to: smiling wanly at the camera and selling the stupidest products in existence. But wait, there's still more futures to come.

### **My Future as A Writer**

As a writer, my singular redeeming quality is the ability to produce content quickly. However, this is hardly a quality and more of a quantity. Considering this, my writing career will be rather short lived. While my agent tolerates me, I'll churn out draft after draft of the same fantasy novel. Then, I'll inevitably grow bored with my own hackneyed plot. Then, I'll overdramatically burn the manuscript, set off all the fire alarms in my single-room apartment, and realize that there are still hundreds of copies saved on my laptop.

After I give up on my novel, I'll move onto playwriting. Through this lens, I'll produce two tragedies and one comedy. Then I'll realize that the tragedies are so pathetic, they're funny. And the comedy so weak, it's tragic. Then, I'll try to switch genres. Next, I'll decide that the three are all one play, then decide that my protagonist is an allegory for Jesus, then get upset by the religious implications, and burn this script too. I'll also have the good sense to burn my laptop.

Then, I'll realize that it was all saved in the cloud. Therefore, I'll have no choice but to incinerate my router, as well. After three arson attempts, my landlord will evict me and I'll go to live on the streets. While I live on the streets, I'll meet many urchins, the homeless, and city councilmen pretending to be homeless. All of whom will teach me valuable life lessons. After this journey is complete, I'll return to the world with a sewer rat named Artie. Together we'll write an incredible memoir. Though the world will belittle my scandalous assertions of City Councilman Abner Boscoe, I'll rise to great fame and wealth. Therefore, this possible future will turn out very happily, until Artie sues me for using his likeness and makes off with half my fortune.

### **My Life Working at my First Job**

**Continued 2 pgs. later**

MILLIE'S ADVENTURES IN THE CITY  
ARE STILL A THING. SHE'S JUST BEEN  
TOO BUSY WORKING ON HER OFRENDA FOR  
DIA DE LOS MUERTOS TO TELL ME WHAT  
HAPPENED.



-Grace Willey



^These —————>  
submitted by  
Jesse Ide



## Continued from 4 pgs. ago

I will inevitably grow bored with the intellectual life. Instead, I'll turn back to my simple occupation of serving and assembling pizza slices. At this job, I'll grow to a ripe old age. To compensate for my additional free time, I'll develop an unnatural obsession with birdwatching. However, the birds will resent me for attempting to live among them. Therefore, I will fail to become the Jane Goodall of birds. After this failure, my sorrow will begin. My pizzas will become exceedingly melancholy and I will lose my job. Already past my prime and with no marketable skills, I will move to India and work in a call center, just to confuse those searching for racially diverse tech support.

### **My Life as Maid**

One day, I will conclude that the most fulfilling part of my college life has been cleaning up after my roommate. Upon this realization, I will immediately unenroll from Hampshire and join the cleaning staff. However, my unconventional and invasive methods of cleaning will clash with their mission statement. Therefore, I'll be cast out, never to clean Hampshire again. I'll attempt to start an underground cleaning service, but Hampshire students will refuse to support it, as they prefer the free, friendly service.

Therefore, I will leave the Amherst cleaning circle in shame. From there, I will travel the world in search of cleaning work. My first paying customer will become my mother, out of pity. However, with her support, I will build a strong customer base in the Vermont area. One day I'll save up enough to furnish and properly live in my mother's basement. From here, I'll begin a House-Cleaning syndicate. Though it will never be successful in my lifetime; my son will revolutionize the industry by offering a free puppy with every house cleaned.

### **My Life as a High School Teacher**

All my life is leading to the realization that my intelligence will never rise far beyond an average freshman's. Therefore, I will scale back my scholarly intentions and become a substitute teacher. While the children will hate me, I will worm my way into the principals' good graces by bribing them with candy. Eventually, I will earn an actual teaching job, through coercive means. Through this job, I'll become a terribly insensitive person.

I will start my reign of terror by consistently forgetting each student's name. Then, I'll grade their homework with unnecessary harshness, as an attempt to gain revenge against my own teachers. Next, I will start feuds with fellow teachers, all the while continuing to bribe the principal with candy. One day, my bribery will be exposed and I will leave the school in shame. Luckily, my severance package will carry me through middle age. And only when I'm well into my 70's will I return to work, as a Walmart Greeter.

### **Fake Blurbs of Endorsement:**



“If it bleeds, you should read it”

-Arnold Schwarzenegger

“Frankly my dear, I don’t give a damn if you read this essay”

-Rhett Butler

“Thundercats, h-go read this essay”

-Lionel

“I am this essay’s father”

-Darth Vader

“I’m afraid this essay is quite operational”

-The Emperor

**A Photo Of Someone** (Probably the Author):



### **An Author’s Bio**

Isaiah Mann was born about eighteen and a half years ago. However, his youthful face and childish behavior are reminiscent of a much younger eleven-year-old child. His accomplishments are numerous in number. One of the most notable is a limitless ability for self deprecation.

However, insulting himself isn’t his only passion. He also enjoys harassing Hampshire professors, TA’s, and peers. Furthermore, he enjoys long walks in his mind and sprinting to and from EDH, in real life. Apart from these less than useful factoids, there’s little Isaiah wants to reveal about himself.

However, he’ll spare the time for one more self-descriptive paragraph. The most important footnote is that Isaiah really enjoys writing about himself in the third person. If the overall narcissism of the piece didn’t tip you off, his ego is even larger than his horrifying selfie implies. He hopes everyone judges him terribly for this article.

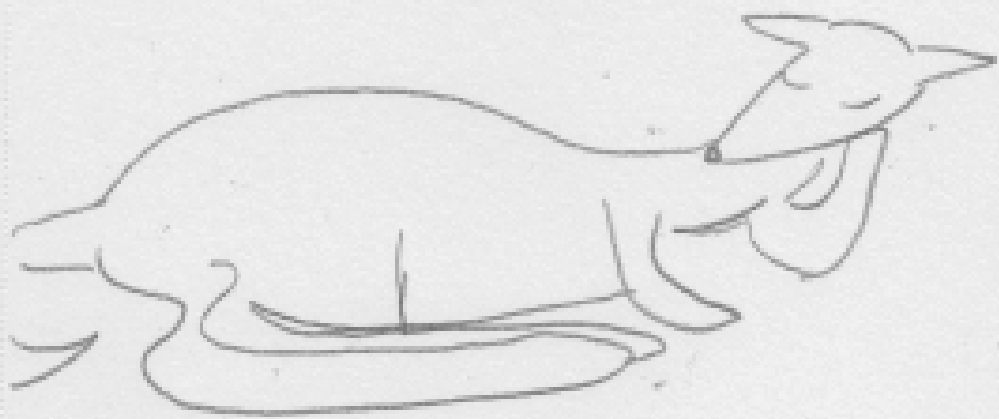
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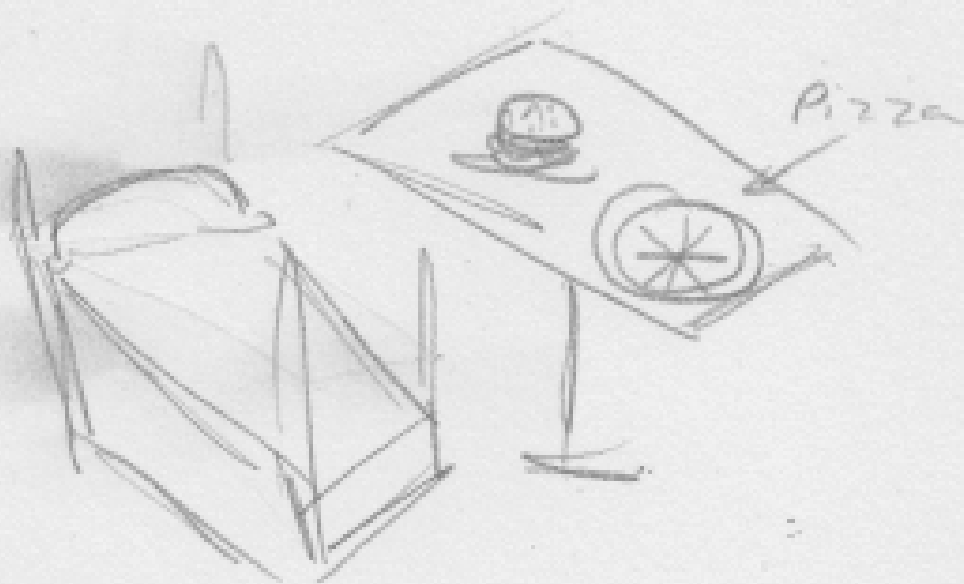
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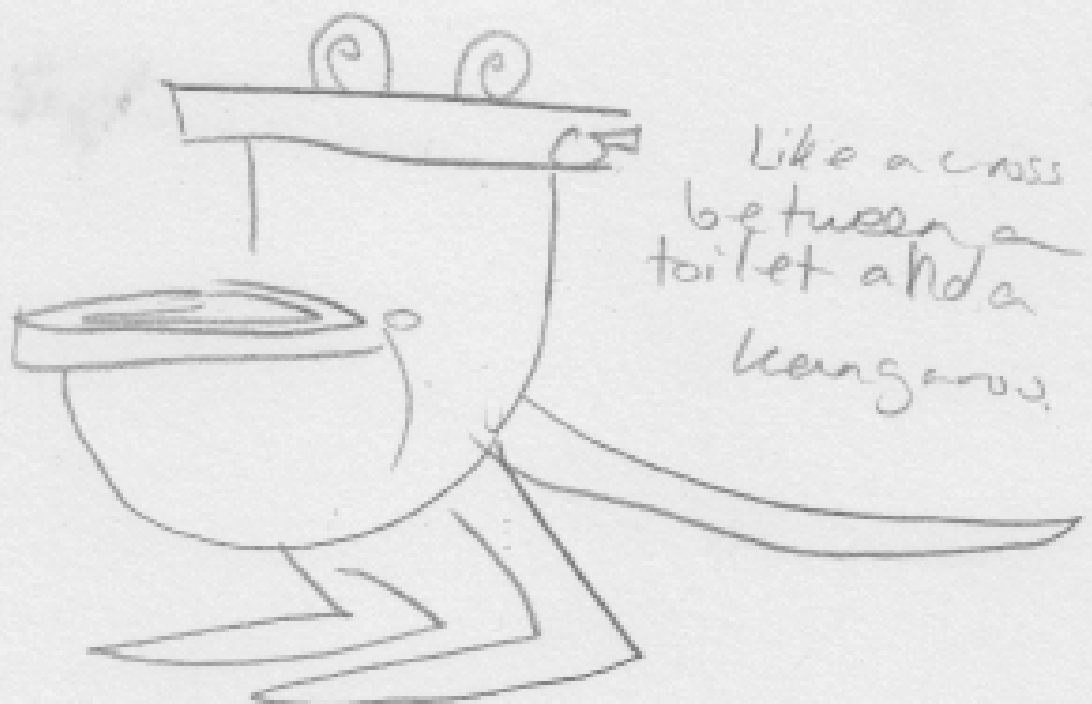
A Restroo:

a Kangaroo  
at rest.



Pizza

A restaurant  
w/ beds



Like a cross  
between a  
toilet and a  
kangaroo.